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WHAT SHALL I DO

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"What shall I do?"

WHAT SHALL I DO?

OR, THE

CONVERT'S FIRST QUESTION.

Lord, what wilt thou have me to do? *Acts* 7: 6.

Written for the Massachusetts Sabbath School Society, and Revised by the Committee of Publication.

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WHAT SHALL I DO?

To one who has chosen the path of Christian Discipleship, this is a question of no common import. A mighty change has come over your spiritual prospects, a change which has been described in clear and decided language by the pen of Apostles. Such an inward renewal implies an outward change, that must be clearly discerned by every one who knows you. It is sometimes told us, that so *christianized* are all our habits and pursuits at the present day, so blended have they become with religious principles, that in many just and amiable persons no visible change can be recognized by their companions. It is rarely, if ever so; you *were* children of darkness, you have become children of the light;

—you *were* heirs of the woes of hell—you are co-heirs of Christ to a heavenly inheritance;—you *were* under the eternal curse of violated law—you are redeemed and made partakers of the blessed freedom of the children of God;—can such a change of principles, of hopes, of destiny, not become apparent to the eye of men? In that heart, where Christ is formed the Hope of Glory, can its renewed and elevated operations fail to become visible to the keen scrutiny of the world? Full of this new and delightful change, reaping its first blessed fruits, in love, joy and peace, you have now become epistles, living epistles, known and read of all men.

Look around and see how many there are, who are so entirely governed by the maxims of worldly prudence, who are so drugged by worldly pleasures, that except as they sit down at the Lord's Supper at stated times, and their names are enrolled on the annals of the church, in vain could you find their title to "a mansion in the

skies." They look askance when you speak of the love of Christ, they "hope it will last" when you speak of the activity of the Church, they grumblingly reply when you ask their money for the service of the Lord, they are fault-finding, censorious, pleasure-seeking. They clog the church by their indifference, they betray its interests, they dishonor its principles, they discredit its elevated profession.

"She a Christian! then I do not wish to go to heaven!" feelingly exclaimed an individual, who witnessed the daily life of one who had only a "name to live." It was not the sneer of envy, it was not the rebuke of unbelief, it was not said of one, who had grossly outraged the proprieties or the principles of piety; it was the involuntary ejaculation of one, who, thrown into daily intercourse with a professing Christian, could discern nothing of the spirit of Christ, where he had expected and hoped to feel its blessed influences. It is true, that the world *expect* a holy walk in those who profess it, and it is no less true that

they are too often grievously disappointed. How does the fine gold become dim! How indistinctly traced on the blotted and disfigured page are the living language and the shining characters of the Epistle of Christ.

Is such to be your course? Shall you fall from your high estate? Shall you shrink coldly from the high duties of your profession? Shall you grow unmindful of the exalted interests you are called upon to sustain? May it never be so. May you stand on your mission-ground valiantly, trustfully, prayerfully. The Christian walk is no less a warfare now, than it was described to be on the plains of Judea. The battle ground is changed, but it is no less a battle ground still. There is little real difference between the rugged heights, the bold passes, the uneven valleys, where Prophets and Apostles bore the conflict, and the smooth, broad encampment of our own times. With bristled front, their enemies met them at the hearth-stone, by the wayside and the altar; at home and abroad, at

midnight and at midday, secretly and openly, whether in the form of Roman oppression or Jewish unbelief, did the enemies of the faith of Christ, "breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the Disciples of the Lord," bring them before councils and synagogues, banish them to distant lands, or condemn them to a martyr's death. Our lives have fallen to us in pleasanter places; but let us not be deceived, our good fight is not yet fought, our victory is not yet won. You are on the camping ground of a vigilant, prompt, active, well-trained enemy—outward hostility is indeed laid aside—old weapons of warfare have fallen into disuse—you have common ground, where you pursue the same objects and sympathize in the same pursuits, but the instructions of your Great Leader recognizes still, the long, clear line of demarcation between you and them, and by all that you hold dear, warns you of the woe which accompanies defection from his authority. In intimate alliance as you now *seem* to be thrown, with the enemies of the

cross, you are in fearful and constant danger of being seduced from your allegiance to the Captain of your salvation.

When you look at the weakness and imperfection of your own hearts, and behold the holy standard which is set before you in the Gospel, you may be almost tempted to relinquish your holy calling, through very inability of sustaining it; when you look at the thousand allurements of life and think of the watchfulness and self-denial, which you are called upon unceasingly to exercise, you may be tempted to yield the contest, and if you look to yourself for the inward might it is not strange that you should feel thus: but be not disheartened: as the branch is united to the vine, so are you united to that true vine from which you can draw abundant strength: the parting blessing of the ascending Saviour was the blessed assurance, "Lo, I am with you alway;" and the united testimony of every Disciple has ever been the living and saving fulfillment that "Thy Grace is sufficient for me."

There are temptations which beset the path of the young Christian, that are so common, they are scarcely regarded as temptations, and yet they are no less deadly and dangerous in their influence upon your piety. They are habits which steal so imperceptibly upon us that no common watchfulness is necessary to guard well their first approaches.

Take heed then in the choice of your reading, and above all things, be not a

NOVEL READING CHRISTIAN

Not having seen Esther for some time I was greatly pleased with the prospect of passing the evening with her. Many delightful things regarding the commencement of her religious life had been told me and I greatly desired some personal intercourse with her. She came with two or three others. Her appearance was certainly attractive. During the evening we found ourselves quietly seated on the sofa together. Speaking of the peculiarly interesting religious movements of the day, about which every Christian, certainly every

reading Christian, ought to be well informed, I found neither sympathy or interest kindled within her bosom.

"And what are you reading now, Esther?" I inquired. "Oh, such a charming work! Bulwer's last, have you read it?" she asked with great animation.

"No," I answered.

"Novels are really fascinating, I cannot help indulging myself in reading them occasionally—the characters are absorbingly interesting; I hope you read them sometimes."

"And do you find, my dear Esther, that his books make you more holy, more prayerful, more humble-minded?" She blushed deeply, her eyes were cast down and she made no reply. "Esther is it so?" "No, *far* from it," was the reluctant yet candid reply. Esther's testimony was a true one. I had not seen her long, before I saw that her religious character had been greatly injured by this sinful indulgence.

Meeting a lady one day, she turned eagerly to my companion, "Have you got

——?" mentioning a fashionable novel, "Ellen is sick to day, and she begged me not to come back, without getting it for her—she is in dreadful want of something to amuse her." And Ellen was a Christian. God was reminding her of her mortality, and instead of being in earnest about making her calling and election sure, she desired only to steep her soul in the fascinations of a corrupting fiction.

A novel-reading Christian is a spiritual bankrupt. Novel-reading piety is baptized worldliness.

When you first drank of the waters of life and were healed, you were so filled with love, you were so charmed and interested in all which pertains to Godliness and the Cross, that all other reading appeared dull and insipid; with a keen relish for spiritual things, you could hardly open a book which did not speak to you of Jesus, and you felt that life is all too short to read, to study and to exhibit the truths of salvation, and you rejoiced in that endless eternity which will reveal to you forever the glories

of the Lamb. This *should* be your tone of feeling, and every year should find it stronger and deeper within your soul.

"What harm do novels do?" has been many times asked and answered. True there is a deliniation of life, of manner and of character which contains much that is useful and valuable to the reader, but a very large portion of fashionable literature, corrupts both the heart and the mind. What harm do novels do? To the young Christian, may be applied this simple test: Do they open your eyes to the beauty of holiness? do they fit you for prayer? do they impart strength to purpose and firmness to principle? No—no—no. How anxiously is sought every fresh importation of corrupting fiction! how greedily are read those magazines of the day filled with foolish, sensual, superficial reading! They deify all which the Christian should lightly esteem. Personal charms are made of paramount importance. The sparkling eye, the ruby lip, the lily hand, fashion, volup-

tuousness, wealth, are the component parts of admired heroines; reckless ambition, bully courage, refined sensuality and misanthropic hate, are the prominent traits of approved heroes. "The lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, the pride of life" are the materials of the novelist. We are commanded, "not to be conformed to the world," "not to love the world, neither the things that are in the world;" "the world is to be crucified unto us;" and it is regarded the highest victory of faith to "overcome the world." Does not she forget these solemn injunctions, who retreats into her chamber only to dwell upon the sparkling page of the novelist, portraying the world in its most fascinating colors? is not the young Christian imbibing a delicious yet dangerous poison which is polluting the life-blood of her piety?

The prominent defect of the novel-reading Christian is the predominence of feeling over principle.

She retires to her chamber, not for study or profitable meditation, but to resume her

favorite authors; the midnight hour finds her reading; she closes the book and strives to collect her scattered thoughts; she opens the Bible, but a blur is over her moral vision, and she reads without understanding what she reads; she kneels in prayer, but the gay and thrilling incidents of story have so powerfully seized upon her imagination, she scarcely realizes whom to address and for what to pray; she retires to the pillow to review again and again, the strange and fascinating scenes; her morning thoughts re-echo her evening reading, until her mind is drawn to an absorbing contemplation of whatever is fanciful or unreal. This mental dissipation indisposes her for sound thought and steady attention. Every object is viewed through a distorted imagination. She weeps over the sufferings of the Son of Man, while she fancies him an ill-fated hero; she admires more the moral grandeur of the Apostles than she desires to imitate their self-denying principles. Pathetic preaching affects her; a melodious voice and a graceful gesture win her admi-

ration while she turns with secret disrelish from plain and pungent truth.

When the dangers and temptations of seamen are depicted by a master hand, the seamen's cause has no more honest ally; while the Car of Juggernaut and the widow's pile are vividly and touchingly described, she desires nothing so much as to visit heathen lands and carry the glad tidings of salvation; but if the elevation of seamen or the departure of the missionary depend upon *her* aid, they must forever remain as they now are; in a few days her emotion subsides, or her feelings become enlisted in some new object.

You have no time for reading such as has been described. It is a peculiar day in which you live; a day which demands thought and a clear, discriminating eye. Great moral elements are in agitation; fundamental truths are called in question; old opinions are upturned; strange theories are forced upon the public mind; fanaticism in a thousand forms is unfurling its banner and many are

running hither and thither to join its ranks. Enthusiasm is blinding the eye; false Prophets are in the land, with smooth tongues and lying hearts; good men are adopting strange and corrupting errors; those teachers in whom we have confided are here and there like waves of the sea. We feel bewildered, and ask with feverish interest, what is truth? where is the right? Now it is you need power to discern the great landmarks of truth; and how can you get that power, but by frequently consulting those who placed them all along the waysides of life? First the Bible must not only be read, it must be profoundly studied. It is the great intellectual as well as moral treasury. See to it, that you have no superficial knowledge of its contents. Let the articles of belief to which you subscribe on the day when you take the vows of God upon you, be not adopted because your pastor says, "they are true," or because your friends believe them; let it not be a hereditary or social belief; subscribe to them because you

know they are true, and that knowledge must be the result of study, of investigation, of prayer, of individual, earnest seeking. Then only can you stand secure, on the corner stone, and no sophistry can drive you hence, for you can tell the reason of the truth that is in you.

Be conversant with the great and good men who have gone before you. There is much superficial religious reading thrown out upon the public, at this day. The gilded volumes make pretty ornaments for a centre table, but do not take them to your chamber when you sit down thoughtfully and seriously to read. Take Doddridge, and Baxter, Leighton, and Luther, and Edwards, and Dwight.

"Do not give 'Edwards on the Affections' to a young convert," said a clergyman's wife, "give him something easier."

No, it is not easy to enter the kingdom of heaven, and read nothing to make it easier than the Bible says it is. "*Strive* to enter in, many shall *seek* to enter in and shall not be able," is the solemn injunc-

tion. Then read those authors, who having through much tribulation of spirit, entered into the kingdom of God; are capable of pointing out to you the dangers, the snares, the delusions, which may lead you astray, and impart to your soul a false security and a premature peace. Be well-read in all the missionary literature which is yearly accumulating; it is of deepest interest and importance, embracing a wide and varied field of investigation. The researches of ardent and intrepid missionaries in the South Sea Islands, in India, in China, in Syria and Palestine, in Africa, have brought forth treasures of knowledge in respect to Geography, History, Geology and indeed for almost every department of science. They instruct men under every climate and condition, and they find him, however prostrate may be his nature, still in no small degree conscious of the defilements of sin and in some way striving to work out his salvation. The success of the missionary enterprize in civilizing man is without parallel in the annals of the world's history; to change a heathen land to a Christian

community need not be the work of ages, of ambition, of human knowledge. *The* instrument for social, political, as well as moral regeneration is found to be, the simple power of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Carry that to a circle, however degraded, and civilization in every form will follow.

How has the power of this living, saving faith been magnified, by its wonderful achievements in heathen lands! by the aid of its vitality, nations have been born in a day, and the desert made to blossom as a garden of the Lord.

Every Christian should strive to attain a thorough knowledge of missionary operations and follow them along from month to month and year to year. It is your brightest commentary upon the Bible, and one, "which whoso runneth, may read."

On this stormy sea your mind needs ballast. These are the writers which will supply material weighty enough for ballast. It is not true that woman should confine her reading to lighter authors; the part, which she has to act, is not unimpor-

tant, although her peculiar duties lie within the sanctuary of her own home. But her influence is a strong influence, flowing in a thousand rills, detected less by its noisy gurglings, than the verdure and greenness which is springing up beside it. You want *healthly* material in your mind; something to *think* upon—something that will compel you to think—something that will induce you to draw less upon your fancy, more upon realities—something that will enable you to steady and restrain your imagination—something that will give force to your character and power to your influence—something that will make you feel that life has higher ends than to dress, to pay visits, to amuse and to be amused.

"She always makes me *think*," said a young man, of one whose steady well-furnished mind rebuked his flippant flattery, "yes, and I honor her for it."

May *you* be so honored.

Set apart a portion of each day, be it ever so small, for valuable reading; rise earlier than you now do, if need be. Ingraft sound doctrines upon your minds.

Live in the light of great truths. Then will every new year be marked by increasing power of thought and ability to discriminate between truth and error, sophistry and argument, chaff and wheat, and you will be less and less liable to be blown about by every wind of doctrine.

Take heed to the tone of your action and be not a

PLEASURE SEEKING CHRISTIAN.

The claims of the Foreign Missionary Society were presented with uncommon power and ability, when the Society were suffering under the pressure of a heavy debt, and repeated calls were coming from mission grounds all over the world, "come and aid us." Its officers were greatly depressed and hardly knew where to look for help; yet the church coffers were full and the disciples of the Lord were living luxuriously. Strong appeals were made for the sympathies and sacrifices of Christians, and it is well known the great Christian heart did not shrink back at this trying crisis.

"Begging! begging! always begging!" exclaimed a lady after hearing a powerful

sermon upon this subject. "I suppose we must do something more—what shall I do?" thought she.

"You *ought* to do much for your divine Master, he has prospered your worldly interests," whispered conscience. "But there are *so* many calls—it cannot be expected you should give to all," suggested the deceitfulness of sin.

"Begin to make sacrifices for Christ—what sacrifices have you ever made for his cause? think of what he has done for you," pleaded principle.

"If I only had more to do with! If I were as well off as the A's, or if I had half of B's money. If I could only give of my abundance," clamored feeling; and what feeling would do, thrust aside the appeals of what principle ought to do.

The next day this lady went abroad.

Article after article attracted her attention. "That beautiful muslin! you must have it," shouted vanity. "And that exquisite lace, it will become you so much."

"But you really do not need them," suggested prudence.

"They are so becoming—besides it is important to be well dressed—let people see that religion does not consist in Quaker dresses and long faces," slily remarked Satan.

"Then they are *so* cheap," said selfish economy. "Will not these take from your mission money?" interposed principle.

"Think of that by and by—this is not the proper place," smoothly decided deceit.

"Perhaps I had better take them, they are so cheap and so pretty." The conflict ended; costly articles were bought—mission money diminished or denied; self was the object, therefore the purse was long.

She returned home; an invitation was was handed her. "To the Derons! I have been so little into society since I was sick, perhaps I had better go"—musing—"yes, it will be expected of me."

"Church meeting this evening," suggested principle.

"But parties do not happen every Friday night. Then I *ought* to go to the Derons, because I did not go to their last party—

they will think it very strange, besides the vestry seats are uncomfortable and the meetings keep in so long":—by such arguments was conscience silenced, not satisfied to be dragged from the assembly of the saints to scenes of pleasurable excitement.

Pleasure seeking Christians! how the church of Christ is clogged by their indifference to her interests; nay, not indifference merely, but total disregard of that covenant by which their interests are wedded to hers. In their hearts, self is not only not subdued, but the contest between self and the claims of Christ is feebly sustained or altogether relinquished. No time, or expense, or labor is spared to obtain objects for immediate gratification, and curiously imperative is the "*ought*" which would impose upon conscience a necessity not to be gainsayed or denied. First love has long departed from such hearts; conscientious Christian action has long been shackled by worldly maxims; a new alliance has been gradually formed with the world, to supply objects and interests ab-

sorbing enough to quell the reproaches of conscience and subdue that restless disquietude, which every retreating Christian must so severely feel, as the distance lengthens between herself and her Saviour. There is now one serious difference, between her present state and the period before she tasted the cup of salvation, to which she is keenly alive. *Then* the allurements of the world did *actually* impose upon her; its gay excitements exhilarated her spirits and its changing pursuits satisfied her mind. But the time came when eternity was realized, when sin was seen in its hideous deformity, when God the avenger drew near, when Christ was the only ark of safety and hope of salvation; then how did the pursuits of the world shrink before immortal hopes and eternal interests. Having once tasted the joys of redeeming love, however deeply may that soul plunge again into worldly principles and habits, it can never forget its memory of heaven; when most eager for earthly honors, it must after all feel they are but "beggarly elements."

Thus is the pleasure seeking Christian one of the most pitiable objects in the universe. Like the great self-seeker of old, she strives to keep up a good understanding both with her master and his enemies; but it will not last long; the dreadful apostacy will at length be unmasked and the stricken soul must learn when too late for repentance or amendment, that it cannot serve God and mammon.

The prominent defects, of the pleasure seeking Christian, are speaking disparagingly of Christian effort, and giving grudgingly to objects of Christian benevolence.

They speak disparagingly of Christian effort, because as self becomes the great aim of life they are no longer able to *appreciate* the self-denial or the watchfulness of the Lord's disciples. Finding no echo within their own bosoms, they are often more ready to impute it to some secret, selfish motive than to a Divine principle within. Perhaps consistent Christian character is a silent but stern reproof, and can be hardly borne; how can the keen edge be more ea-

sily blunted than by a fault finding, harsh, caviling criticism of Christian practice?

They have ceased to sympathize with their blessed Master and they refuse longer to co-operate with him in extending his cause on the earth; he knocks at their door but they heed it not; he speaks and they answer not.

Mournful state! may such never be yours.

Borderers on the land of Zion, they have looked upon its crystal streams and golden streets, they have heard the music of its celestial choirs, and yet they turn aside to play with the stubble beneath their feet, and listen to the senseless chatterings of the forgetters and dispisers of God.

Take no uncertain position for your great master. As the lines between formal and spiritual religion are becoming more clearly defined in these latter days, see to it that you are fully on the Lord's side. Let your daily life correspond to the high and exalted motives by which you now profess to be governed: you are no longer of the world:

you are no more to be governed by its maxims, or conform to its fashions or seek its friendships—you are set apart to exhibit the principles of a purer faith and of a heavenly origin. Your daily life must be holy, humble, undefiled, *separate* from sinners, your will must be constantly subordinate to the will of your Saviour: "Whatsoever you do, whether ye eat or drink, do all to the glory of God." All your duties converge towards one grand point, to *honor your Divine master;* honor him with your speech; honor him with your influence; honor him with your money; honor him by frequenting the house of prayer and by prefering the society of the people of God.

Thrown into so many points of contact with the world, it would seem wonderful that you should not insensibly imbibe its spirit, but you have a light within your soul, which reveals your dangers; thus warned, you may avoid any alliance which will tend to injure the purity of your Christian character.

Be sure there can be little evidence of

Christian discipleship if you live a half way Christian; let there be no secret hankering after the pursuits of the world: go not slowly and reluctantly about Christian duty: love, joy and peace will enter your soul and dwell there, a blessed sisterhood, only as you are heartily, earnestly striving to press forward in your heavenly calling. Remember you are a heavenly inhabitant. Your riches are laid up in heaven; your joy is in the blessed Spirit, your hopes are hid in Christ; your prospects are not bounded by time, they extend far away into eternity, even to the great white throne of Divine majesty and love; your pursuits, your supreme interests must be such as are dear to the heart of your Redeemer, such that he will delight in, sympathize with, and bless.

Let your daily life be a living epistle of Divine truth. Justified by the blood of Christ, saved by the blood of Christ, sanctified by the blood of Christ, cherish the spirit of Christ and let him come and take up his abode in your heart, speaking through your mouth, seeing with your

eyes, and going about ministering with your hands.

Then will you perform your true mission on the earth. It is not by preaching, by writing, by talking, that the Redeemer's kingdom is to be most effectually advanced upon the earth; not by these that the deepest impressions are to be made upon sinful hearts, not by these are the strong holds of Satan's empire to be upturned and demolished—no, it is the power of self-denying, uncompromising Christian example that must do this—the beauty of holy living must be daily witnessed; its value must be daily acknowledged, its power must be daily felt—and a holy life hath indeed, as one of old has said, a majesty like the form of a God, a sweetness like the voice of an angel. By holy living does the humble disciple become a light to the world, that cannot be hid; become as salt to the earth, preserving and purifying; a living epistle, to be known and read of all men; a temple, of God, reared to rebuke the idolatry of sin. All these comparisons are full of deep mean-

ing; they are not over-wrought language. They are meant to tell us just what every disciple of the Lord should be, and yet you have read them over so often from very childhood, that the words and phrases have grown common to your ear—study them, meditate upon them, pray over them, if you would know your whole duty, if you would be, what God has designed you to be to a dying and sinning world. How few *begin* to live up to their high calling—how few seem to have the faintest conception of its exalted character! but that so few do, in no way lessens the eternal resposibilities which rest upon you. Let every new year find your "lamp trimmed and burning," and when your last year shall have numbered its days, may the next era in your spiritual history be marked by a joyful entrance into the mansions of eternal joy and heavenly rest.

WHAT SHALL I DO?

BE DILIGENT IN CULTIVAING DIVINE FRUIT.

If you are indeed cleansed from your defilements by atoning blood, and the good seed has been sown, and the light of Divine favor and the dews of Divine grace have descended upon your soul, then all things are made ready for an abundant harvest. Oh, stint not the springing blade or the opening blossom, or the ripening fruit, by hiding yourself from the Sun of righteousness or drying up the waters of life. How many seared and withered branches are there, in the Lord's vineyard! How many pale and sickly shoots, just ready to perish! How many blighted, falling blossoms! They flourish well for a season, but having no root, they withered away.

Remember that your only evidence of discipleship is, that you bear the fruits of the spirit. "He that abideth in me, and I

in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit."

"Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit, *so* shall ye be my disciples."

And what is that blessed fruit, upon which your eye must dwell with greatest desire, and which you should hunger after with deepest longing?

"*Love;*" and love is the great essential element of Christian character. The Pagan world feel it not, and the Jews comprehended it not: Love of kindred and tribe and tongue, did indeed exist, but a love,—so wide that it comprehended in its sympathies the interests of the whole human family, and so deep that no perils, or dangers, or self-denial could quench it, if it might win a soul to the kingdom of heaven,—the world never saw until Jesus appeared; "His very soul was love." Galilee beheld it, healing the sick, and raising the dead, and consoling the penitent; Olivet heard its midnight prayers; Gethsemane witnessed its overpowering struggle; at the Cross,

unwearied and undying, amid the agonies of Crucifixion, do we find it speaking in tenderest tones, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Oh, who can imitate love like this? When we look at the hatred, the variance, the envyings which spring up in our own hearts, we feel that such love can never dwell amid so much strife; but just such love is for our imitation, our practice; it is the very bond and badge of discipleship: "by this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye *love* one another."

A settled amiability of disposition, quite at peace with all the world, is sometimes mistaken for this love; no, it is not a cold and passive love; not a mere well-wishing love towards those who do us no harm; it is active, hearty, earnest, "blessing them that curse you, *doing good* to those who despitefully use you." It lives and acts despite opposition and revilings: it is untired, watchful, ever on the alert to apply a healing, saving balm; it is patient and obedient; "it beareth all things, hopeth all

things, endureth all things;" such love is a fulfilling of the law, for it is the ready obedience of the heart, which giveth all its interests, thoughts and affections into subjection to the Divine will and thinketh it no hard thing. Cherish a love like this, and remember it cannot dwell with ill thinking of thy neighbor, with a fault finding, caviling spirit, with a haughty brow, and a cold, unthankful heart.

If you really possess it, it will become a well-spring of "*Joy*" within your soul. So prone are professing disciples to linger in the outskirts of sinful indulgences and forbidden pleasures, so ready with excuses to tarry yet a little longer amid the bustle and business of life, so reluctantly do they come to the cross or the closet, that the unbelieving world think the service of God must be a hard service, full of tears and heaviness. This is not the testimony of the Bible and of the disciples of old; not the testimony of those who get near the mercy-seat; not of those who are *pressing* forward for the mark of the prize of the high calling of God, not of those, who can

triumphantly exclaim, "I am *persuaded* that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." There is an element in the Christian experience known to such as these, to which the lukewarm and half-way disciple is an utter stranger, *joy* in the Holy Ghost, deep, abounding, overflowing joy.

It beamed down from the upper world upon the dark and thorny path of the Son of Man, "who for the joy set before him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is now set down at the right hand of the throne of God." It entered into that blessed kingdom that he came to establish, "which is righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost." Then did "the God of hope fill the new born disciple with all joy and peace in believing," "so that they rejoiced with a joy unspeakable and full of glory." Even amid tribulation and an-

guish could they "rejoice, inasmuch as they were partakers of Christ's sufferings; that when his glory shall be revealed, they may be glad also with exceeding joy." It can only enter your soul when you have made an unreserved dedication of yourself to Christ: when you harbor no secret sin, however small, when you are *fully set* on the Lord's side with no will adverse to his, no purpose before his, no affection straying from him, but looking up to him with a believing, loving, trusting heart.

"*Peace.*" The foot-print of Love. "*Gentleness* and *Goodness.*" Twin graces in the Christian character.

"*Long Suffering.*" In the strife of contending opinions and in the heat of misguided zeal, how much revenge and bitterness spring up in the heart; how many harsh and bitter expressions fall from the lips. In the disappointments and trials of every day life, how much fretfulness and peevishness and anger often deface the Christian profession. How the memory of

affronts is perpetuated by a spirit of retaliation and retort. This must not be; it is utterly inconsistent with the work of the spirit. Cultivate a disposition to bear injuries, without expressing resentment or desiring revenge. Bear and forbear under the discouragements, delays and opposition, which you must meet with, from one another. Study often that pattern of Long Suffering set before you in the Gospel, until your soul is brought into a holy conformity to it. "When He was reviled, he reviled not again; when He suffered he threatened not;" so we, being reviled, must bless: being persecuted, we suffer it; being defamed, we entreat. If we are tempted to forget or overlook this important trait of Christian character or think lightly of it, or mistake the emotions of our hearts, look away to that long suffering mercy and tenderness which God has exercised towards you, while you remained so long impenitent, a rebel against his rightful authority, despising the riches of his grace. Behold how

long he has borne with you, waited for you, called after you, restrained you by his providences, visited you by his spirit, surrounded you by the bright evidences of his love. Behold how you broke away from all these, and followed the devices of your own evil heart. Think of all this, and be very humble. If God can bear so much from you, will you magnify the small offences or the intended slights or the provoked assaults of your fellow creatures? Forbear, if you would be mercifully dealt with—forgive, if you would be forgiven.

"*Faith.*" Faith believes in the declarations of God, relies on his promises, and acts without doubting or weariness. There is quite enough of intellectual belief among the people of God—as one not long since said, "I do not in the least doubt that God can and will do all that he promises to his children, I believe to the fullest extent in all his declarations, and yet I do not *take hold* of them"—yes, it is cold, inoperative, lifeless. Such is not the faith which shone

in the dying Stephen and impelled the unwearied Paul; not the faith of patriarchs, apostles, martyrs—not the faith of that bright host who through much tribulation entered the kingdom of God; not the faith of the disciples of our own time, who win souls to Christ and live as strangers and pilgrims on the earth. Your prayer should be, "Lord increase my faith." When we see the ways of Zion mourn, children of the covenant departing from the faith of their fathers, error misleading great and honest minds, we stand back appalled and ask, why are these things so? Then do we need to keep a steady eye on the Divine sovereignty and faithfulness—then must we look upon unseen glories to urge on our fainting spirits. We must not marvel and strive to penetrate into the hidden ways of God, but come like little children, stand fast by his word, keep close to his promises, place our hands within his, and ask him to direct our steps.

It is when we look more at his instru-

ments than at himself that our faith grows cold. We dwell more on their feebleness and insufficiency than on his ability and willingness.

Keep your eye on your Lord, and your faith will not fail. Look at the glorious salvation which he has wrought out for you, at the heavenly inheritance which he has prepared for you, at the assurances of his presence and his strength through your trying pilgrimage, and can you not live by faith in him and labor for him, and pray, knowing him to be the hearer and answerer of prayer.

Such a living, justifying faith will produce a holy life. It will enable you to deny yourself, to live soberly, righteously and godly; it is the faith, which overcomes the world and bears you to the bosom of your Saviour.

"*Meekness.*" It is a beatitude, a pattern, an ornament. "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." "Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly of heart

and ye shall find rest unto your souls." "Put on the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit which in the sight of God is of *great* price." It is a disposition which God delights in. It is contented with what it has, grateful for every blessing, it avoids giving offences, is willing to witness the advancement of others; it is open to receive the word of the Lord, ready to obey, and affectionately desirous of taking a low place, if God but be honored and his kingdom advanced. It sorrows over sin, it softens the heart, it deplores its instability, and it moulds it anew into the image of its Saviour. Meekness is a distinguishing mark of Christian character, full of beauty and tenderness.

"*Temperance.*" An equilibrium of spirit, an even, well balanced mind, not running into excess here, or plunging into the "slough of despond" there. It keeps the body in subjection with its appetites and passions; it restrains that zeal which is not according to knowledge, and subdues those sympathies and affections which are the

growth of excitement, rather than of sober thought and deep-rooted principles. While you cover yourself with temperance as with a mantle, remember it is not cold inaction: it is not inconsistent with the most fervent devotion, the most unwearied self-denial, the most zealous well-doing, in the service of your Divine master.

All these graces of the spirit, these fruits of righteousness, combine to form *completeness* of Christian character; they make that Divine union in the soul which "presents one *perfect* in Jesus Christ."

The standard of Christianity is a perfect standard; its attainments are no less pure and exalted than a likeness to God himself. How must your heart shrink from such a work, and you be bowed down in your sins, and forever despair of such accomplisment, did not He who made the requirement, in infinite mercy grant you the power to obey it; "now the God of Peace that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that Great Shepherd of the sheep,

through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do his will, *working in you* that *which is well pleasing in his sight*, through Jesus Christ: to whom be glory forever—Amen."

WHAT CAN I DO?

DO GOOD AROUND YOU.

A lady of Mr. ———'s church suffered greatly from depression of spirits: so morbid at times became her feelings, that she grew dissatisfied with every thing around her, almost lost her good hope in the Redeemer, and felt as if she had nothing to live for.

She often conversed with her Pastor and friends upon her sad estate, but their counsels and prayers produced little effect.

"I feel that I am of no use," she said mournfully one day to a Christian friend, whom she had not seen for a long time.

"No use! a disciple of the Lord and of no use!" he exclaimed, "your master has work for you to do and are you standing idle? what shall you tell him when he comes to reckon with you?" His earnest tone arrested her attention.

"What *shall* I do? the hours often pass heavily by." "And have you just begun to ask the question? have you not already explored your vineyard, to find out what is to be done? Have you not looked about you on the right hand and on the left to see what means your Saviour has put into your power, to advance his cause upon the earth? Did you not remember that the day is short, and the night cometh when no man can work—what you would do, must be done quickly."

She reluctantly confessed that hitherto, these had been unasked and unanswered questions.

"Are there no poor in your neighborhood? Have you no sick and suffering about you? Are there no young minds to be impressed and no souls to save? Is there no good word to speak for your Saviour?"

"I always contribute my money, whenever it is solicited," said the lady in an excusing tone.

"An important duty, but not all—not

all," continued the gentleman—"go yourself and learn the power of sympathy—are there not the suffering and infirm of your church? go and stand by their sick beds and speak to them of Christ—visit the houses of the destitute—learn from them the story of their sins and sorrows—speak the word of reproof or of kindness and bear to them a Redeemer's dying love—you must not sit in your pleasant parlor, aloof from a suffering, sinful world—you are Christ's and must be Christ-like, literally going about and sympathizing as he would sympathize with the wants of distressed humanity, the sorrows of a dying world—have you no impenitent friend, whose soul is dear to you? what have you done in good earnest for its eternal safety?"

"Say no more," exclaimed the lady, tearfully, "I am the unprofitable servant, all my work is yet undone."

While many of the Lord's disciples are already in the field, rising up early and sitting up late, there are multitudes of others, who have never begun to labor for their

Lord. They open their purses, they hope well, they are excellent well-wishers, but they have no conception of that joy which springs up in the heart of those, who literally "go about doing good." Look about you with a ready hand and an earnest heart, and you will be surprised to find how many avenues of advancing your Saviour's kingdom will be opened to you, in the ever varying providences of God.

There are those, and with sorrow may it be said there are not a few, who feel that they are safe within the pale of the church: being there, all in the end will be well with them, and they will sit down to take their ease: ah, it was no easy path the Saviour trod, and we, if we would be like our great master, must take up our cross and follow him.

Our power and our influence cannot be delegated. We cannot give a piece of money to the church and the minister and hire them to do the business for us—we

cannot throw our individual responsibilities upon a praying relative or a faithful friend. We act as individuals for our master; we shall be judged as individuals. Go yourself, and explore your field and see where you can labor most efficiently.

Is not the Sabbath school still in need of teachers. Go there, and be prompt, faithful, earnest in your calling. Remember you have the charge of souls, and teach and pray and labor for the salvation of your precious little ones; you have something far higher to do, than to keep them out of mischief, or from play, or even to impart a little Biblical instruction. You must aim, with God's aid, to make a moral impression on their hearts; moral renewal is the great thing they need, and any aim short of that, is traitorous to their good and to your master's cause.

Who is the little boy shivering at your door? his path now intersects your path; it may be his heavenly Father has sent him hither, to cluster new influences around his

heart, and to bear light and relief to his destitute home. Speak kindly to him, ask him of his wants, follow him to his mother —can you do nothing for the comfortless family? Perhaps you behold much to disgust and discourage you—the Saviour saw a great deal to discourage him while he was upon the earth, but *he* was not disgusted or discouraged; neither must *you* be, by small difficulties;—you must expect to be disappointed in some of your best-timed efforts; you must not be surprised at unfaithfulness, at ignorance, at deceit in those for whom you desire the highest good: dark and erring minds, and sinful, suspicious hearts, cannot readily understand or co-operate in your labors of love; —but go on, and there are few hearts that will not be penetrated with your love and rejoice at your coming and ask who sent you hither? Then can you point to Him, who hath loved and died for them.

Are you attired for a walk? Why not tur n aside into that obscure alley, and

visit that lonely chamber and sit by the side of that poor and feeble disciple? A few words of sympathy to her, will avail more than all you have said in a series of fashionable calls. Open her Bible and read to her and listen as she tells you of the precious presence of her Saviour during midnight suffering—how his love supplies every want, and the riches of His Grace is more than houses and lands and many friends. Cannot you learn a lesson from her long-suffering patience, from her holy resignation and lively gratitude, of deepest worth to your own soul? cannot you more fully *realize* that Christ is indeed all that he promises to be to the dying believer? Is not your faith firmer, and cannot you go on leaning more trustfully upon an Almighty arm?

Have you brothers and sisters? In no limited sense, are their souls in your keeping. Is an elder brother finding less happiness at home than abroad and are his steps wandering into forbidden paths? Win

him back again. Strive to place home-sweets before him. Let him witness the cheerfulness and loveliness of fire-side piety. By self-sacrifice and kindness let him feel how dear to you are his interests, until you gain his ear and draw his heart, and then tell him of his duty and his destiny, of Jesus and heaven.

Are there those younger than you? Seek opportunities, when their minds are inquiring, to lead them onward to Divine truth. When their hearts are torn by anxieties and disquietudes, from which even little children are not exempt, and they are full of heaviness, tell them how sin and sorrow go hand in hand all over the world, and that Jesus alone can roll off the heavy burden and give them strength to go on in the straight path of duty.

Have you interesting books or papers? do not put them away in the library or closet quite yet. Cannot you make them a means of benefitting others, even as you have been profited yourself? Will not the page

that strengthened your faith strengthen the faith of some fainting friend? Will not the book which has imparted to you refreshing views of duty on new and interesting aspects to truth, do good to some mind that has not the means of obtaining it, unless you think of her, and send it to her house?

Will not the fact that has encouraged you in your labors of love, also encourage others?

You may do an amount of good, far exceeding your faintest conceptions, by a wise loaning of good books. The seeds of life may become thus scattered here and there, through your instrumentality, which will spring up and bear a precious harvest of fruit.

"How many ways are open for doing good," writes a pious lady, "if our eyes are only open to behold them. We seem to be walking about asleep, so unmindful are we of what God is willing to let us do: we should be on the *watch* to do good, even

as Jesus is always on the watch to do us good. I remember one week I was unusually 'troubled and careful about many things,' and when Saturday night came, I could recall nothing I had done for my Redeemer's cause. I was ashamed and wept, and when I arose on the Sabbath morning, I asked, 'what shall I render to the Lord for all his benefits to me?' though we can do nothing to *commend* ourselves to him, still, consecrated to his service, we should always be ready instruments to be used for him."

On our way to the church,—you remember to shorten the distance we pass through a grove of oaks,—I saw two lads under the trees cracking nuts and making merry with a dog, quite regardless of the reverence due to the Sabbath. "Cannot I do something for you?" I thought here are souls to save. I looked at my bundle of tracts but shrank from speaking, so bold and reckless did they appear. Jesus would not pass them by, I thought—I stopped and

offered them my tracts. "Here is something for the Sabbath, will you not take these and read them?" they civilly accepted them and thanked me. Long after, while I was teaching my little ones in the church, I could look from the window and espy them busily reading under the tree—yes, and long after that, did I learn that those tracts became the means of conversion to one of those young men. Oh, what simple instrumentality will God sometimes bless! Why should we ever shrink or be faithless and unbelieving when we have such a God to aid us.

After church in the afternoon, they told me good Mrs. T——s was fast declining; her little cottage is below our house. "Cannot I find one moment to visit her?" thought I. How gratefully did she look up and extend to me her emaciated hand as I entered, "and you have come to read to me from the blessed book," she said. I sat down by her bedside, and read at her request the 14th chapter of John. Her

very soul seemed to drink in the delightful words. "How good! how good! how refreshing!" she ejaculated again and again, fixing her gaze upon me, as if not to lose one word I uttered—"this is the true medicine after all—I have been trembling and down-hearted all day, but now I am comforted—they are the words of my Saviour."

It was a very little thing I had done, hardly the giving a cup of cold water, and yet, what comfort had been imparted to this aged believer. However I might have been disposed to enjoy the luxury of my own room and reflections, it was worth the relinquishing of greater luxury: so are we blessed, while blessing others. Returning home I met Mary—standing on the back piazza in thoughtful mood—it was towards the close of day and there was something in the declining Sun, the soft, silent air, that disposed to reflection. "And what are you thinking of Mary?" "Why, I believe I am home sick," she answered, half smil-

ing, half in tears. Mary's mind was tender; I knew she had pious, praying parents, and it seemed a moment to speak to her of that great friend who had died to save her. She listened eagerly, and how surprised was I, to find her anxious for her soul, longing to speak to a Christian friend; if christians were more on the alert for mourning souls, they would often find them, when perhaps they least expected it.

All these were slight occasions, easily passed by, readily overlooked, but it is only by taking advantage of slight, *every day* occasions, that we can be instant in season, serving our master. There are immortal spirits always about us to be saved and influenced, and there are lesser instrumentalities, that no man can number, always encompassing their paths, to be used for good or for evil, which if the Christian will take hold of, may become a "savor of life unto life."

The poor, the sick, the afflicted have

especial claims upon Christians, and they, in imitation of their Divine master, must seek out such, and carry to them their charities and love. Let every young disciple early make this, one sphere of her activity. Let there be many families, or few, or even one, to whom she may meekly take the balm of sympathy—to whom she can give encouragement and counsel, whom she may gladden by a little money, or work, or clothing, or food as need be, or as she have opportunity. How many dark, weary, anxious hours may be enlightened by your systematic, sympathizing benevolence. How much real suffering relieved through your watchful and judicious care. This is a part of your duty now, and although it is overlooked and neglected by a large number, let nothing excuse you. Remember that the joyful welcome, "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you," was addressed to those who had for Christ's sake visited the naked, the sick, the imprisoned, who

like faithful laborers, abounded in the *work* of their Lord.

If you act up to your great duties, you will experience the truth of that exclamation, uttered by one of whom a sadder record has been made in these preceding pages; "oh, I never *began* to live until now," she said, after returning from a labor of love, "and now do I know the *happiness* of living, the satisfaction of living and laboring for the good of others."

WHAT SHALL I DO?

A WIDER SPHERE.

You ask the question again, and there is yet more for you to do. Charity indeed begins at home, but it does not end there; the stone is thrown upon the waters, and its first circles will indeed encompass your own door, but they grow wider and wider until they reach far beyond your eye, and you wonder at their mighty sweep. You sustain, as a member of the Christian body, responsibilities which reach round the world: the most distant island of the sea, the most obscure tribe in Africa, has a claim upon you of great and solemn import, a claim which you *must* meet. The destitute and the prayerless in remote portions of your own land have demands upon you, which must be answered:

however quiet and shrinking you may be in your own home circle, you have duties all over the world, and your influence must be felt around the whole earth. At no period of the Christian dispensation has there been more to be done than at the present time. Highways for the gospel have been opened into every land but one. At no period has the great enemy of souls been more skillful in his manœuvres to discourage and circumvent the people of God; He has come into our own country, with money and talent and craft from the Roman Pontiff, beguiling the unwary and the unstable, and scattering dazzling delusions in the path of the ignorant and credulous. In flank and rear are the enemies of truth conflicting with the power of the gospel. The religion of forms and ceremonies presents a bristled front to the spiritual vitality of Evangelical doctrine, in every quarter of the globe. Christians must be up and doing; they have a great warfare to wage, a great vic-

tory to win. There were never so many engines of moral power to use, so many channels for influence, so many great levers which you may move, as at the present time. Perhap you *know* all this? But do you *feel* it? Does it give you *motive?* does it make you *act?*

When we see what missionary effort has achieved, we rejoice, but we must remember its work is but just begun: its work is slow and toilsome—its means are oftentimes with difficulty wrung from the sympathies and charities of the church. Oh no, the church is but *beginning* to put forth its power. There is a moral energy, a moral heroism already in its bosom, which, if up and alert would soon go forth "conquering and to conquer." That energy must be put forth by individual effort, individual earnestness and prayer. Every disciple of the Lord, however humble or obscure, has a part and lot in this great matter.

What can I do? is a question big with

meaning. Give of your substance, even as the Lord has prospered you. There are many who do give to the annual collections of some of the great benevolent societies, a small sum of money; it is about as much as they happen to have in their purses, perhaps there is no particular demand for it elsewhere—perhaps there is a secret hankering for it for some other use—perhaps it is given quite pleasantly; it is a sad truth that collectors generally deem their office a most unthankful one, so reluctantly do many give to the cause of Christ. While there are many who subscribe liberally, there is a large class who do it grudgingly. Prudent economy should never be despised, but it is greatly to be feared that a large portion of the disciples of Jesus have never yet begun to *make sacrifices*, in order to advance his kingdom. What *sacrifices* have you made of your worldly gains, or of your time to carry on his great and blessed work? If you look on the history

of your expenses for a week or a month, cannot you find something that could quite as well have been given up, and with it increased your moral power in the tract or missionary cause? There are a great many young disciples, who live in comfortable and pleasant homes, and yet have little ready money to bestow; what can you do? Cannot you give one day in ten, or one day in seven, or one hour in a week, to needle-work, the avails of which shall be your offering to your master's cause. There are few who cannot do this, and do it easily.

A lady was ushered into a pleasant sitting room, where sat a mother with her daughters: there was a kind welcome, followed by the usual interchange of common remark. "I have been trying all this afternoon to get some one to make a couple of shirts," said the lady, "my husband is called unexpectedly away, and I am so hurried."

One and another were suggested by the

mother: they had been applied to, or were not deemed suitable. "I will be very happy to make them, Mrs. Allen," timidly offered the eldest daughter, "how much do you give apiece?"

"You make them, Ellen!" exclaimed the mother, "I do not know what time you have to make them."

"You take in shirts to make!" echoed the younger sister.

"Why, I have long wished to do more for western missions—although I have not much ready money to give, I have time enough of my own which I might employ in sewing, can I not mother?" asked Ellen, quite undaunted.

"I should hardly think it best," replied the mother, chagrined that Ellen should avow, what was certainly true, a want of ready money.

"Mother, I should be glad to do it, and why may I not? Why not labor in this way for the cause of missions? I will take no

time which belongs to you, only my own spare moments to make them." Ellen was in earnest.

There were objections made, urged by false pride on the part of the mother, by false shame on the part of the sister, but Ellen prevailed, and made preparation for her missionary work.

The father of another young lady felt himself unable to give his daughter as much as she had desired for her missionary subscriptions. "I wish I could, my child, but I cannot this year, my business has not well prospered." To both it was a sad refusal, and the young Christian could have gone away and wept. She thought on the subject in the solitude of her chamber. "My father has enough to do, with a large family to provide for, and I ought not to expect it of him, but I cannot withdraw my contributions from those blessed enterprises. No, and I will not. I have hands, and time and opportunity, and I will labor for

it. I will earn my own money." It was a noble resolution, and a resolution she delayed not carrying into action. She purchased some yarn to knit infant's socks, which finding a ready market, enabled her not only to answer her present subscriptions, but even to enlarge them.

Others can go and do likewise. If the cause of your Saviour is dear to your heart, you can do *something* for it. If you have a yearly income, think well before you decide to purchase an expensive or unnecessary article of dress. Economize, practice self-denial, for the cause of Christ. His disciples must *deny themselves* before his kingdom can triumph. Let no false pride deter you from seeking work, if by this means you can aid in making up the thousands which are needed to preach the gospel every where. Money is pressingly needed to carry out the great plans of doing good; what can you contribute? Be firm and fearless: it matters little what the

world say or think of you, if you are counted worthy to labor for your Saviour.

Above all things be systematic and abiding in your contributions; let not some passing appeal awaken your zeal at one time, which the cares or interests of life shall soon wither away; it is only *individual exertion* which sustains the operations of Christian philanthropy; if it cease or become lukewarm, those operations must languish and die. If you grow weary, others may catch the contagion; and dare you palsy a single sinew of the church?

What can you do in diffusing missionary intelligence among the young, in awakening their interests and energies for these grand enterprises, in forming societies among them, to gather up the little rills of charity which are now beginning to flow from warm, young hearts. Children must early be trained to occupy their father's places; they will soon stand where their fathers stand, with ten-fold responsibility resting

upon them, in maturing and carrying forward the work of Christian benevolence. They must be early inured to self-denial: in their habits of feeling, in the formation of their opinions, in their little daily expenses, constant reference should be made to the new duties and obligations which even childhood is now taught to assume; children must be nursed and disciplined for the church; their mite has already educated heathen children, given Bibles to the ignorant, and sent Sabbath school libraries to the Valley of the Mississippi. Early trained to habits of enlarged liberality, "how stately will be the goings" of the church when the energies of manhood shall be awakened! With brave hearts and stretched out hands will they stand by her sacred institutions, hallowed by all the sweet associations of happy childhood, valued for their long-tried good, and interwoven with their dearest hopes of heaven.

Become so deeply interested in the great

works of Christian love that they involuntarily form a part of your *conversation* when you meet your companions and friends. Talk of these things by the way, until your hearts burn, and Jesus will draw near to bless and direct your zeal and love for his service.

Christians are too apt to regard these things as *foreign* subjects, when they meet together: they are alluded to and banished: no, they should become dear, familiar subjects of conversation and interest. You should awaken, incite, encourage each other by *dwelling* upon the triumphs of the gospel; every new fact regarding the moral advancement or the moral aspect of the West, the East, the South, the North, should be repeated to your friend, that she may rejoice or mourn with you.

Above all things, remember that your gifts, your labors and your *prayers* should ever go hand in hand. After all you can do, after all that the great and good may

do all over the world, it is God alone who giveth the increase. Labor as if every thing depended upon yourself, pray as if all things depended upon God. His blessing, like the dew and the rain and the sunbeam, alone produces the plentiful harvest. Without it, the land will be a moral waste, desolate and barren; with it, "it will bud and blossom as the rose."

God will be importuned by his people: He will not cease to be inquired of by the house of Israel: He would have the dependent, obedient, believing heart loving to draw near the mercy seat, clinging to the golden chain of promise, and asking, with ready, earnest zeal, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

HYMN.

My few revolving years,
How swift they glide away!
How short the term of life appears,
When past—but as a day!

A dark and cloudy day,
Clouded by grief and sin;
A host of enemies without,
Distressing fears within.

Lord, through another year
If thou permit my stay,
With diligence may I pursue
The true and living way!

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